

## THE INTELLIGENCER.

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## THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, JULY 12, 1900.

## REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

For President,  
WILLIAM MC KINLEY,  
Of Ohio.  
For Vice President,  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
Of New York.

FOR CONGRESS.  
First District,  
B. B. DOVNER,  
Of Ohio County.  
Second District,  
ALISTON G. DAYTON,  
Of Barbour County.  
Third District,  
JOSEPH H. GAINES,  
Of Kanawha County.  
Fourth District,  
JAMES A. HUGHES,  
Of Cabell County.

## REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Sheriff—D. H. Taylor.  
Prosecuting Attorney—Frank W. Nesbitt.  
Assessor (City Dist.)—Addison Israel.  
Assessor (County Dist.)—Lester Smith.

## The State Convention

With the largest attendance in the  
history of the party the Republican  
state convention convened at Charle-  
ston yesterday and, after the nomina-  
tion by acclamation of Albert Blakeslee  
White, of Wood county, for governor,  
the convention adjourned until this  
morning at 10 o'clock. So far the light-  
ning lines have been addressed to the  
auditorium, and at last accounts they  
were most tensely drawn, and the out-  
come at this writing cannot be predict-  
ed with any certainty. Naturally Ohio  
county looks with nervous interest on  
Mr. James K. Hall's chances, with the  
hope that he will be successful.

Senator Elkins, as temporary chair-  
man of the convention, spoke at length,  
and with convincing logic on the na-  
tional issues that will be paramount  
in the coming campaign, while Mr. White,  
the nominee for governor, in his speech  
of acceptance, dwelt with great thor-  
oughness on state issues, calling special  
attention to the efforts of the Demo-  
cracy to subvert the will of the people  
in the last legislature.

The platform is a ringing enunciation  
of the principles of the Republican party  
in the nation, a fair presentment of  
what the party has accomplished in this  
state by the present administration,  
and all of whose planks will commend  
themselves to the approbation of the  
Intelligence of the people.

## Becoming Alarmed.

The Intelligencer has published a list of  
Democrats who don't like the Kansas City  
platform and ticket. Will it now publish  
a list of Republicans who are not in ac-  
cord with the Philadelphia platform  
and ticket. They are so few and  
scattered that it is impossible to as-  
semble them at this moment. What is  
troubling the Register is the marked  
loyalty of the Gold Democrats to the  
position they took in 1896, and which is  
being reiterated with a unanimity that  
is somewhat startling to the hopes of  
those Democrats who attended the  
Kansas City convention and proclaimed  
that all factions of the party were  
united. This will not do in the light  
of the expressions of opinion of those  
Democrats who are opposed to Bryan.

The revision of the platform by Quigs  
referred to by the Register, is a non-  
essential compared to the earnest and  
honest pronouncements of the Republi-  
can convention. The Kansas City plat-  
form, however, was stuffed down the  
throats of a most unwilling majority by  
a man who detailed every detail of the  
proceedings of that convention—the im-  
perialist of Lincoln, Nebraska.

In asking the Intelligencer to point  
out Republicans opposed to McKinley,  
the Register, no doubt, refers to Sena-  
tor Hoar and ex-Senator Edmunds, who  
have certainly expressed themselves  
very plainly against the Philippine  
policy of the administration. These  
gentlemen, however, will support  
McKinley, trusting to the  
party of liberty and progress for a solu-  
tion of that situation rather than to the  
mongrel opposition and Bryan with his  
35 to 1 larceny.

The only Republicans the Intelligencer  
knows of who are infatuated with the  
Kansas City ticket are Webster  
Davis, ex-Congressman Towne and Sena-  
tor Pettigrew, all of whom have burn-  
ed their bridges, and one especially who  
has been a Populist for some time—the  
pestiferous Pettigrew.

On the whole the Republicans are  
gaining supporters while the Demo-  
cracy is losing. With references to the  
position of Senator Hoar, the most in-  
fluent Republican who combated the  
policy of the administration towards  
the Philippines, it is only necessary to  
quote what he said in a recent speech  
at Marshfield, Massachusetts, as fol-  
lows:

When our independent friends ask me to  
support Mr. Bryan, and claim that I am

recruct to my own principles if I do not  
do it, they ask me to support the man who  
is responsible above all others—I had al-  
most said above all others put together—  
since the treaty left the hands of the Ex-  
ecutive, for buying sovereignty over that  
people, and for declaring that hereafter  
they are to be subject to the control of the  
American Congress, whether they like it  
or not. Men in great transactions, and  
especially in political transactions, often  
deceive themselves as to their own mo-  
tives. But I think I do him no injustice  
when I say that he took that course  
which brought upon us the war in the  
Philippine Islands, the destruction of the  
life and health of 4,000 or 5,000 American  
soldiers, and of probably ten times that  
number of the people of those islands,  
simply to keep the question for an issue  
in the coming campaign.

## Boer Sympathy(?)

These able and voluminous gentle-  
men who rallied against the administra-  
tion because it refused to precipitate  
the country into a war with England by  
interfering with the South African war,  
and who were so lavish in their hospi-  
tality in entertaining the Boer commis-  
sioners to this country, appear to have  
woefully misused the funds to aid the  
"stricken people in the Transvaal." The  
amount raised by these sym-  
pathizers, who exploited the Boer com-  
missioners for political purposes, in  
Washington, at whose head was the  
effervescent Sulzer, of New York, was  
\$134,35. What sum do you suppose  
was left, after "expenses" were paid,  
to send to the suffering Boers? Just  
\$18!

Commenting on this substantial ex-  
pression of sympathy the New York  
Times says that "98 1/2 per cent of the  
money collected has been used in an un-  
successful effort to produce on Ameri-  
can politics an effect harmful to the  
administration, and 1 1/2 per cent of it  
will—or may—go toward relieving the  
sufferings of wounded and hungry  
burghers. No wonder the men who  
gave the bulk of the money are angry  
about the way it was employed, and no  
wonder they demanded a rigid account-  
ing for every cent of it. Such an ac-  
counting has now been presented by the  
treasurer of the fund, and nothing  
worse than extravagance has been re-  
vealed, but the anger has not subsided.  
Of course there are people in this coun-  
try who sincerely sympathize with the  
Boers, but what they regret in the ex-  
isting South African situation is rather  
the necessity than the fact of England's  
severity. Much greater in amount was  
the insincere sympathy that has been  
expressed in Washington and elsewhere  
—the pro-Boerism that was really anti-  
McKinleyism, anti-imperialism, anti-  
Englishism. The proportion of the sin-  
cere sympathy to that which is insin-  
cere was in Washington, it appears, as  
1 1/2 to 98 1/2. It is probably about the  
same all over the country."

## Secretary Hay's Instructions.

The official declaration of Secretary  
of State Hay that the United States is  
only in China to protect the lives and  
individual interests of American citi-  
zens and is pronouncedly against the  
partition of the empire by the powers,  
will be and news for those Democratic  
papers which have been maintaining that  
the government was coveting further  
possessions in the Orient. The New  
York Herald, which takes a fit of the  
rabies whenever "imperialism" is men-  
tioned, is one paper that has been pre-  
dicting all along that President McKin-  
ley's only object in sending troops to  
China was "to increase his imperial do-  
main." Several other despicable Bryan  
Journals have followed the pace set by  
the Herald.

In refutation of these claims comes  
the circular of instructions sent to  
American diplomatic agents in the Chi-  
nese empire by Secretary Hay, which  
avows that the purpose of the United  
States is only to protect American life  
and property and preserve our treaty  
rights. Secretary Hay's circular closes  
with these impressive words:

"It is, of course, too early to forecast  
the means of attaining this last result,  
but the policy of the government of the  
United States is to seek a solution  
which may bring about permanent safe-  
ty and peace to China, preserve Chinese  
territorial and administrative entity,  
protect all rights guaranteed to friend-  
ly powers by treaty and international  
law, and safeguard for the world the  
principle of equal and impartial trade  
with all parts of the Chinese empire."

It appears that any action taken by  
the administration for the protection of  
the honor of the nation is construed  
by the Democracy as an encroachment  
on the powers of the government guar-  
anteed by the constitution. The Bry-  
anites have become so nervous of late  
that they seem to be without liver or  
heart. For the benefit of these timid  
persons the Intelligencer quotes from  
the Chicago Record, an anti-expansion  
Journal, which says: "Secretary Hay's  
notification to the powers that the  
United States co-operation with them  
in China must be limited to the pro-  
tection of the persons and property of  
American citizens cannot be too highly  
commended. The present disorder in  
China for the most part is due to the  
aggressions of European powers upon  
the Chinese. Probably but for their  
aggressions there would have been no  
boxer organization, and no anti-foreign  
revolt. Unfortunately the Chinese are  
unwilling to accept the Chinese as well  
as Europeans. Owing to this fact the  
United States government has had to  
unite with the European powers in tak-  
ing measures to secure the safety of the  
persons and property of American citi-  
zens. Secretary Hay's notification to  
the European powers amounts to a  
warning that America will not aid the  
Europeans in coercing the natives  
within European spheres of influence  
into submission to foreign rule."

## Not So Swell.

"Topekia society is not so swell," says  
Thomas Benton Murdock, as he takes  
a retrospective view of his boyhood.  
"When we were carrying the load forty  
years ago in that embryo city the dandies  
of some of the swiftest people of  
the present generation were digging  
cellars, carrying loads, hauling staves,  
making brick and the like, while most  
were taking in washing, running  
boarding houses, shooting biscuits in  
laverns and working out. Topekia  
society is not so swell as it used to be."  
—Billings Leader.

## A Scotch Motto.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "A friend of  
mine has an 'owl room' fitted up in his  
home. Owls of all shapes and sizes  
painted on the walls, you know. Big  
owls and little owls, some with their  
eyes open. Owls that you can't rest. Now  
he wants a suitable motto to go with  
his owls. Can you suggest anything?"  
"I know of a Scotch motto that might  
do."

## His Star of Hope.

The world seemed but a dreary waste  
From which the light had fled;  
He sat in silence, solemn face,  
As one whose hope was dead;  
Yet while he pondered so,  
A woman smiled, and lo!  
The sun shone overhead.

She sweetly smiled upon him, then  
He felt his heart no longer cold;  
The old world was bright again—  
The smiling of her light  
Made all his life a joy,  
Transformed the world, and still  
She was a fool and flirt.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bryan is quite a young Democrat.  
General Weaver, who participated in  
the Lincoln rally the morning Tues-  
day, is the man he voted for in 1892 as

against the regular Democratic nomi-  
nee, Cleveland. Bryan was then a  
Populist, and is yet.

The Register yesterday published a  
list of the losses entailed by the strike  
of the St. Louis street car employees, all  
of which are chargeable to the Demo-  
cratic governor of Missouri and his  
partisan board of St. Louis police com-  
missioners.

President McKinley is receiving and  
talking to delegations of workmen  
from the front porch at Canton. But  
there is no sign displayed of "keep off  
the grass."

Webster Davis now wears a Bryan  
halo, and it fits him better than his  
masquerade suit while he was in the  
Republican party.

Towne, Stevenson and Bryan had a  
real nice time jollyng each other at  
Lincoln. The three tailors of Tooley  
street over again.

"In this campaign, issues are greater  
than man." Bryan's Speech.

Just so. But you desire to make  
yourself one man—greater than the  
issues.

The barkeeper hold-up the other  
morning comes very near putting  
Wheeling in the Chicago class.

The administration is for the integri-  
ty of the Chinese empire and the pro-  
tection of its citizens.

The attendance at Charleston makes  
the Parkersburg convention look like  
thirty cents.

The Boers are still holding out, but  
are rapidly being driven into the "last  
ditch."

Bryan in his speech at Lincoln did  
not say one word about silver.

Senator Elkins sounded the keynote.

## HEARTFELT PRAYER.

Mr. Baldwin, of Georgia, Became  
Unnecessarily Devout.

Atlanta Journal: An old man in Geor-  
gia named Jack Baldwin, having lost  
his hat in an old dry well one day,  
hitched a rope to a stump and let him-  
self down. A wicked wag, named Ned,  
came along just then, and detaching a  
bell from Baldwin's old blind horse,  
approached the well, bell in hand, and  
began to tinkle-a-ling.

Jack thought the old horse was com-  
ing, and said: "Hank the old blind fool;  
he can't see, can't hear, and he ain't  
got no more sense than to fall in on me  
—whoa, Ball!"

The sound came closer.  
"Great Jerusalem!" the old blind fool  
will be right on top of me in a minute.  
Whoa, Ball, whoa, Ball!"

Ned kicked a little dirt on Jack's  
head, and Jack began to pray.  
"Oh, Lord, have mercy on me—when  
Ball—a poor sinner! I'm gone now—  
whoa, Ball, when—Our Father, who art  
in—when, Ball, whoa, Ball!"

Thy—see, Ball, gee—What'll I do—  
Ned. (Just then in fell, more dirt.)  
Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do any-  
thing for me—Ball, back! Whoa! The  
kingdom come—gee, Ball, gee, Ball.  
Oh, Lord, you know I was baptized in  
Smith's mill dam—when, Ball! ho! ho!  
murder! whoa!"

Ned could hold in no longer, and  
shouted a laugh which might have been  
heard five miles, which was about as  
far as Jack chased him when he got out  
of the well.

## English as She is Written.

Liverpool Daily Post: If the English  
language goes on developing at the  
present rate of speed and in the present  
manner a reading book for upper stan-  
dards—say standard X—in the next  
century will present such a lesson as  
the following: "It was no use boy-  
cotting her; she was not to be barked.  
Where we went her tribbles eagerly fol-  
lowed. She scorned no hypocrisy; she  
would betray us as readily as smile at  
us—nay, she would dreyfus us while she  
professed the fondest friendship. No  
maddening on festive holidays, but her  
sneezing fit, frugured upon us. She  
was, and we knew it, but we could  
not home the fact she deceived before  
us a hero, but in private she mobiled.  
She steeled her speech with sentiment,  
but her actions were incomprehensible.  
Society is not so swell as it used to be,  
but she purpose, ruthlessly kitchened."

## The "Good Fellow" Girl.

Boston Herald: The "good fellow" girl  
is here. There is no doubt about that.  
She wears short skirts, with hip pockets  
in them, heavy yellow shoes and she  
says "I—n." She has a mannish stride,  
hecks long neck, swings her arms and  
wears a polka-dot four-in-hand neck  
scarf and a white feline hat. She talks  
horsey, swings a golf club, gets a nut-  
brown tan on her arms, and has com-  
mon sense. She knows all about men,  
and she knows how to hold a baby if  
her life depended on it.

She does all this to earn the title of  
"good fellow," under the impression  
that it makes her more popular with  
men. She feels that she must allure  
men from her clubs, and in order to do  
this and enjoy his comradeship she  
must be as near like him as possible.

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Made all his life a joy,  
Transformed the world, and still  
She was a fool and flirt.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

ITCHINESS of the skin, horrible  
plague. Most everybody afflicted in  
one way or another. Only one safe,  
never failing cure. Don't's Ointment.  
At any drug store, 50 cents—4

## HIS START IN LIFE.

Keep Plugging Away is the Advice  
of a Man Who is Now a Million-  
aire.

New York Sun: "The point is," said  
a man who is worth a million or more,  
"that no matter how black things may  
look, a man wants to keep plugging  
away; he doesn't want to lie down. No  
matter how little he may get for his  
work, that little is better than nothing,  
and one thing leads to another. If you  
are around among people when things  
are happening, why, you are just as  
likely to be struck by lightning as any-  
body else. As a matter of fact, I got  
my own real start in life out of the  
poorest job I ever had, as far as pay  
was concerned, which I had taken  
rather than sit still and do nothing."

"Things had turned about so that I was  
out of work," he was a younger  
then of twenty. I walked the town and  
went into offices, and stopped where I  
saw work going on in the street, and  
asked for something to do, and I an-  
swered the advertisements in the news-  
papers, and finally the best salary I  
could do, and they all took this job  
without any actual pay, the inducement  
being board, with a prospect of  
advancement. The job was barbing  
for a steamboat at a summer resort,  
and the prospect of advancement was to  
be a place as deckhand on the boat. Not a  
very profitable job, but I took it. I  
had made it a point all my life to keep  
a-doing, and I thought I had better do  
this than nothing."

"It was a bad job, by any  
means, so far as simple comfort was  
concerned. I got enough to eat and  
good food, and it was outdoor work, and  
easy. I had good lungs, and it was a  
climb for me to stand on the wharf and  
shout the name of the boat, and tell  
about the round she made, and the at-  
tractions; but it was clear to me from  
the start that I wasn't going to be pro-  
moted to a deckhand. The deckhands  
were all husky young fellows, who liked  
the work, and they all stuck to it  
right through the season, and I stayed  
on the wharf; and as far as I could see,  
right up to the last day, all I was going  
to get out of it was my board, plus the  
general benefit of those months spent in  
the open air; and then on the last day  
that the boat ran this little thing hap-  
pened that set me up for life."

"It was in September, a windy, blustery  
sort of day, not much of a day to  
go sailing in, and pretty much all the  
folks had gone from our place, anyway,  
and so there were not many people to  
go, and they didn't shove the gangplank  
out with just the elaborate care they  
commonly displayed—they just ran the  
end of it up the springlike because  
it would only stay there a minute for  
the few people that were going, and  
that was enough. But with that wind  
there was a little bit of sea on there,  
the boat rolled a little, and pulled the  
end of the gangplank of the stringer,  
and it dropped a little girl, about eight or  
nine years old, that was just going  
aboard with her father and mother just  
for one last sail before they went away."

"Well, now, jumped into the water  
and helped the little girl and came back  
could reach down from the wharf and  
get her. Really, it wasn't anything to  
do. I was a strong swimmer and a  
good healthy chap, and it wasn't any  
more for me to pick up that little girl  
than it would have been to pick up a  
bundle in the street. But do you know  
the child's parents looked at it differ-  
ently? They did, for a fact; they  
thought it was a fine thing for me to  
do, and of course that old man wants  
me to come and see him when I come  
back to the city, which, of course, I do. And,  
for a fact, the rest was like what you  
read in story books and in stories in  
the newspapers. He was a good man,  
and you can let your bottom  
dollar that I did the very best I  
knew how for him; and that was the  
way I got started."

"Now, there was what you call a  
chance, an opportunity; but I never  
would have taken it if I hadn't  
been around where something was hap-  
pening, would? That's the point, you  
want to keep plugging away at some-  
thing. Don't go off in the woods and  
down where anybody won't see you,  
But keep in the swim!"

## A PREDATORY LAUNDRYMAN.

He Wandered Through the Boarding  
House Taking Shirts as He Found  
Them.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "One  
meets with some strange adventures in  
boarding house life," said a young pro-  
fessional man of this city. "Recently  
I moved into a new establishment,  
where most of the lodgers are semi-bo-  
hemian in their habits, and the pre-  
vailing ethics are delightfully free and  
easy. On the second day I returned to  
my room to find that every particle of  
my linen had disappeared—shirts, col-  
lars, handkerchiefs, everything. Some-  
body had been there in my absence, and  
made a clean sweep. I hunted up the  
landlady, who said, languidly, that she  
didn't know a thing about it, and not  
caring to impugn the honesty of my  
fellow boarders on blue, I was forced to  
let the matter drop, and bought a lim-  
ited outfit to tide me over for the time  
being. A few days afterward I was  
awakened in the morning by a curious  
droning chant, something like this:

"'Why is my wandling boy to-night?'"  
"I opened my eyes, and saw a fat  
Chinaman of the mission Sunday school  
brand, sitting on the edge of my bed, shug-  
gling with his pudgy hands crossed over  
his stomach. 'Good heavens,' said I,  
'is this a boxer raid? What do you  
want, you moon-eyed pagan? He bling  
you clothes,' he replied, smiling bland-  
ly. 'What? I've lost 'em?' I replied.  
'What clothes?' 'You laundry,' he  
explained, and went on singing. Then  
a light dawned on me. 'Oh, you take  
my linen, you plump pigmy!' I in-  
quired. 'Yes, I've lost 'em,' he replied  
calmly. 'Me elum 'long, nobody inside,  
me clatchee laundry.' Such enterprise  
deserved reward, so I got up and paid  
my bill. 'Do you do that with every-  
body here?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied.  
'You don't ever kick?' said I, sur-  
prised at such a go-as-you-please sys-  
tem. 'Nop,' said he; 'most the mens  
have one shirtee wear, one shirtee wash.  
Want laundry quick?' Since then I  
have had a Y. K. kick put on my door,  
and unless my abolition friend get  
Jimmy I hope to hang on to my belong-  
ings."

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Re-  
ward for any case of Catarrh that can-  
not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and  
believe him perfectly honorable and  
business transactions and financially  
able to carry out any obligations made  
by them.

WEST & THURAX,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
WALLING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inter-  
nally, acting directly upon the blood  
and mucous surfaces of the system.  
Testimonials sent free. Price 50c per  
bottle. Sold by all druggists.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Marquette, on Lake Superior,  
is one of the most charming summer re-  
sorts reached via that Chicago, Milwa-  
ukee & St. Paul Railway.

Its healthful location, beautiful scenery,  
good hotels and complete immu-  
nity from any fever, make a summer  
outing at Marquette, Mich., very attrac-  
tive from the standpoint of health, rest  
and comfort.

For a copy of "The Lake Superior  
Country," containing a description of  
Marquette and the copper country, ad-  
dress, Four (4) cent free in stamps to  
any post office, Geo. H. Hefford, General  
Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WE have a slightly shopworn Upright  
Steinway Piano, which we will offer at  
a great bargain.

## FAMILY WASHING.

Rough Dry Washed, Starched and  
Dried 5 cents per pound.  
Flat Work, Washed and Ironed, 5  
cents per pound.  
All hand work finished 10 cents  
per pound.  
LUTZ BROS.  
Home Steam Laundry.

## Ocean Steamship Tickets

To and from Europe, via all lines, can  
be purchased from T. C. Burke, Passen-  
ger Agent, 100 N. 10th St. of the  
railroad, who is also agent for the  
best of all tours—Haymond & Whitcomb  
—to the Paris Exposition.

## J. S. RHODES &amp; CO.

**FORTUNE  
WEIGHS BUT  
LITTLE, IF PUT  
ON A SCALE  
WITH  
HEALTH**

**WORTH  
MORE THAN  
A FORTUNE  
TO EVERY WOMAN**

**Dr. Pierce's  
FAVORITE  
Prescription**

**MAKES  
WEAK WOMEN STRONG  
SICK WOMEN WELL**

## NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

The Advertising Trait—That ad-  
dresser's eyes are like diamonds. "Oh,  
no; she's wouldn't want to lose them."—  
Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Dear Prince," cabled Croker to  
Wales, as Bill went down in the fracas,  
"I have taken another kopek."—Phila-  
delphia North American.

His Opinion.—The Teacher—But all  
trees do not bear fruit. In what way are  
the others useful? Pupils—They're good  
to climb.—Puck.

Rather Different.—Mrs. Sportleigh—  
When you went hunting, Philip, what  
did you pay the guide? Philip—What  
did you mean? For wages or game?—  
Harper's Bazar.

"I can't see," said the shoe clerk, "why  
a Scotchman should say 'nae' for 'no'.  
It is his economical dispo-  
sition. He saves a 'y' every time he  
does so."—The Cheerful Idiot.—In-  
dianapolis Journal.

Towne—He'll have conceived a horri-  
ble idea. Browne—What is it? An in-  
fernal machine. Towne—It's infernal  
enough. He proposes to set some of  
Browning's poetry to Wagner's music.  
—Philadelphia Press.

The two men had talked for a time in  
the train. "Are you going to hear Bar-  
kins' lecture to-night?" said one. "Yes,"  
returned the other. "Take my advice,  
and don't go. I hear that he is an aw-  
ful bore." "I must go," said the other.  
"I am Barkins."—The Hits.

The New War Play.—Hamphat—En-  
gaged yet for next season? Futiles—  
Yes, I go out with a road company, in a  
new war drama. Hamphat—Comedy  
part? Futiles—Double oh. I play  
the comic corporal in the first act and  
chairman of the investigating commis-  
sion in the last.—Philadelphia Press.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.